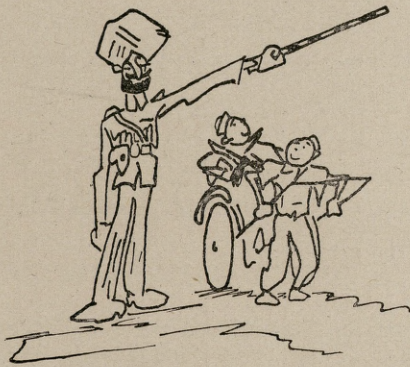


GOING ASIATIC! . . . CHINA BOUND!!



SHANGHAI

(All that follows is from the clever "Shanghai—High Lights, Low Lights, Tael Lights", by Maurice Karns and Pat Patterson).

the town.

Quite a number of years ago, somewhat before the Astor House was built, Marco Polo came to China to establish trade routes. He came to the Orient with a purpose, accomplished that purpose, and went home again. Marco was apparently the last foreigner coming to China to do all of these three things.

Since then, Americans and Europeans have been arriving in the Whangpoo City at a rate alarming to the Chinese. Most of them have come without definite purpose, many of them have carried out a purpose formed since their arrival, and most of them were carried away (if away they got) on the same fortuitous tide that brought them to China. Around such a colony the nucleus of the for-

ign settlement at Shanghai was built. And so there is small wonder that the most unique city in the world has developed here.

The French Concession is owned and operated by the French, policed by the Annamites, lived in by the Russians, suspected by the Japanese, and visited by Americans in search of a girl named Tamara, with blond braids who dances at St. George's.

Frenchtown has a Municipal Council, but the Council has only advisory powers and France's head man can take or leave its advice. It is rumored about that there is a lot of good advice gathering dust on the Rue de Consulat.

The Chinese City, so called because it is run by the Chinese, is known as Nantao, and will probably be a disappointment as a showplace to anyone outside of an enterprising sanitation engineer. A conscientious guide book says that much has been done to clean up the streets, "although much remains to be done," which is an under-under-statement. With few exceptions there is little to be seen here except native life in the raw; the going and the smelling in Nantao gets a little tough.

The bulk of the Russians living in Frenchtown are in extremely indigent circumstances, a large part of them leading virtually a hand-to-mouth existence, with the hand sometimes failing to reach the mouth.

(Continued on Page 2, Column 3)

CHINESE DELICACIES, DELICATE AND OTHERWISE

Tea, oldest of Chinese customs — shark's fin, a great delicacy — bird's nest soup — pigeon eggs — sliced chicken with bamboo shoots — whelk meat with liver — fried Kwangse turtle — boneless sweet and sour pork — noodles and sweet date soup, for dessert — Shao Tsing wine, somewhat like sherry in strength and flavor — f'vei'wu, second only to noodles in the heart of a coolie — snake, an oily rarity — wha t'sen, or monkey steak — field mice, skinned and fried in deep fat.



There is a bit of good, sound philosophy in the following sign observed in a Chinese laundry:

You want credit
Me no give
You get sore
You want credit
Me give
You no pay
Me get sore
Better you get sore.

—The "Brooklyn Bridge".

—: THE BLUE BONNET :—

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THE CHEERFUL AYE-AYE

The experienced man-o'-warsman acknowledges an order with "aye-aye, sir", and promptly goes about doing it. He never thinks whether he wishes to obey or not. It is an order; that is enough for him. He recognizes it as a call upon his experience, skill, and strength.

Slow obedience — sullen, unwilling — just enough not to incur punishment, is detrimental to morale. Its effect is to arouse half-amused contempt among bystanders and to draw out the work, making it more irksome and actually harder for those who do it in poor spirit.

On the other hand, quick, cheerful, willing, and prompt obedience does a job and gets it out of the way with satisfaction all around, before there's time to argue about it. In that spirit it's all benefit and no regrets.

Remember the cheerful "aye-aye, sir". It works wonders in making a happy ship. —"The Hoist"

A BOATSWAIN'S MATE

I think there is no man so great
or homely as a boatswain's mate:
A boatswain's mate with hairy chest
Who gives the new recruits no rest;
Who toots his little pipe and booms
In basso, "Sweepers, starcher brooms."
Who shouts and screams the livelong
day

For seven hands on deck to lay.

Upon whose arm there is tattooed

A dancing lady in the nude.

Any old fool can acquire a rate,

But only a man, a "boatswain's mate".

"Rope Yarn".

CHINESE MONEY

The Republic of China has recently issued a new series of bank notes in denominations running from one cent up to a dollar. The one-cent bills are really nice looking; worth a penny from an esthetic standpoint, not to mention their cash value. The bills were produced in three different countries: China, the United States, and Great Britain.

MANILA

The anchorage the Houston will use while in Manila is in Manila Bay, with about a ten-minute ride to the Navy Landing. This landing is popularly known as the Legaspi Landing. Here almost anything can be bought. Meals, drinks, dancing upstairs with dancing partners furnished, five tickets for fifty centavos (two-bits American). Its a wonderful stopping place for that last drink. From Legaspi, one can get a cab to anywhere in Manila for 25 centavos, for transportation is very cheap. Busses and street cars all go by Legaspi to and from the heart of town. In fact, it might be called the Ferry Building of Manila.

The Manila Hotel is also right on the water front, facing the Landing. Here is located a beautiful eighteen hole golf course open to everyone. Green fees, 1.50 pesos; caddy 50 centavos. It is here the world-famous 19th hole is located.

Rizal Park is a tropical park in which the natives hold their fiestas and country fairs each year.

Enlisted men usually live around Rizal Park, from St. Louis Ave., north to Rizal Stadium. Rents run from about forty to sixty pesos for houses consisting of two rooms, bed and sitting room, with a kitchenette. Most have showers. Gas and electricity are cheap. All modern stores are around this community and there are numerous large native markets, where the smell is high but the prices low.

Bachelor's Paradise! Santa Ana's is the largest cabaret in the world, where the floor is lined off in half, and two bands play. Dancing partners are plentiful here. Dance tickets for a peso. Drinks are good, and not expensive. Then, after everything closes up, Tom Dixie's, in the heart of town, or the Great Eastern Hotel will keep one busy till the sun comes up. Everyone is allowed in the Silver Dollar where you get that famous Gold Leaf Certificate if you can drink eight Singapore gin slings. The Silver Dollar and the Hub are spots that shouldn't be missed.

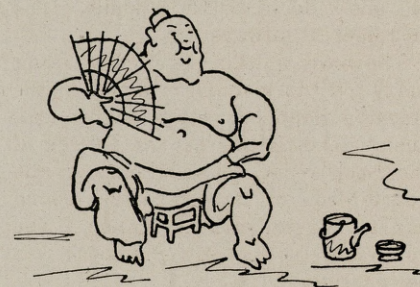
Movies — good to excellent.

Sports — Rizal Stadium—swimming everyday in freshwater, tennis, baseball games (inter-island games every day), Navy's own baseball field outside of stadium.

Diplomacy is the art of letting someone else have your way.

More about SHANGHAI

White Russians in Shanghai are in a pretty tough spot. Without a consul or country to appeal to and without very much class prestige with either the other foreigners or the Chinese, they have a bad time getting on. An abnormally large percentage of their population is unemployed, and those who do work receive very poor wages. Many of them compete with the Chinese in the begging business. A large number of Russian girls dance in the cabarets, making very attractive "woo niuhs", and, hardened by adversity, are well adapted to the business. For the most part, however, Russians in Shanghai make the best of their lot and are one of the gayest of foreign groups.



On Peking road, running parallel to Nanking road, are furniture stores. Furniture buying is a craft requiring finesse. You step into a shop and choose a piece, or order one made. Then inquire the price. The dealer blandly names a figure way up thar which sounds like the Chinese National Debt or the population of Tokyo. Amazed, astounded, and slightly hurt, you wordlessly leave the premises. A few days later, while accidentally passing the place, you will drop in to inquire after the welfare of your chosen piece. You find that the price has fallen off somewhat. This goes on for several weeks, until the swelling has almost completely subsided and the piece is nearly normal, or what the dealer wanted in the first place. Then you buy.

pastimes, pleasures, and puerilities.

Principal among the methods of diversion seems to be the good old pastime of stepping out. This is done by getting into the glad rags, taking a few quick ones, going to your favorite evening spot, then somewhere else, and so on, until you wind up at either Del Monte's or the Venus. Then home to bed, and milk of magnesia.

(Continued on Page 3, Column 2)

The Wind-scoop . . .

Curly Myers celebrated another birthday a few days ago. But why did he say, the next morning, "For the next two weeks I don't want to hear the word 'birthday'?"

Since Sammy Ashcraft won the title, "one of the best-looking sailors aboard ship" (third place), it's been impossible to get close to the "R" Division mirror. Why not have a "House of Mirrors" made for Pretty Boy Sam?

We notice the Soda Fountain has refrained from using its old slogan, "If you don't like our merchandise, go across the street". Lately it's been possible to take your trade across the street, so they fell back on the old one, "Service with a smile. The customer is always right".

The most quickly detailed working party ever to grumble a gripe on the Houston happened a few nights ago. Just before the movies the Officer of the Deck requested each man on the quarterdeck to carry a fifteen-pound box to the forward storeroom. The politicians thought Mr. Steinbeck was persecuting them.

Who was the photographer (?) on the Houston who took 12 pictures on one piece of film? Save any film, Clark?

THIS and THAT

The United States Navy maintains and operates a supply depot in Hankow, China, located 691 miles up the Yangtze River from Shanghai. The duty of this depot is to supply the ships of the Yangtze River Patrol with supplies from time to time, as the ships on this duty are too small to carry over three months' supplies at one time. The Patrol consists of six gun-boats. —Salvo.

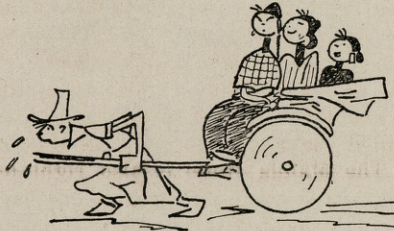
The Captain of a certain ship, on detaching a young officer somewhat addicted to gambling, wrote the next C. O. to beware of the new arrival.

He received this reply: "That fellow is a gambler. While speaking to him about it, he bet me five dollars that the back of my shirt was torn from keel to truck light. I won the five after taking my shirt off to prove it. That will teach him a lesson".

The first C. O. sent this mournful message: "He bet me fifteen he would have the shirt off your back". —North Star".

More about SHANGHAI

In other countries the problem is how to get money. The same problem is complicated in China with the additional one of how to count it when you get it. In the first place, there is "big money" and "small money". All that a foreigner knows about these two species during his first six months in the East is that he is supposed to raise a helluva racket when he gets his change in "small money".



sidewalk phenomena.

Rickshas are of two varieties, private and public. The public ones bear two license plates, one with their license number and another bearing a scale of rates. The public ricksha is somewhat lighter and less comfortable and is certainly plenty more dirty; while the private ricksha is usually lower, much more carefully painted and polished and in the winter equipped with a lap robe. Private families of means sometimes have very ornate rickshas with copper-plated running boards, fancy upholstery, and as the greatest novelty of all, clean pullers. Ricksha coolies are perhaps the most conscientious chiselers on earth. Worldly and quick to capitalize on any situation, they will, with bland face, make the most outrageous demands, and moan all over the place if their demands are not satisfied.

The Chinese bargain in advance with them. Picture of a Chinese woman engaging a ricksha. She makes known her destination, looking the other way as if she were not greatly interested in going to that spot, and might change her mind if the price were not right. Coolie sets a price that he knows he doesn't stand a chance of getting. Woman commences to loftily walk away. Coolie follows loudly citing reasons why his ricksha is the best ricksha in China. Woman ignores him, commencing to call (not very loudly) for another ricksha. Coolie comes down in his price muttering meanwhile about lady's stinginess. Lady still doesn't know he's there. About the time that all the other

rickshas within ten blocks are charging up at the top of their lungs, coolie is down to his rock-bottom price and the lady climbs into the seat with studied magnificence. Fadeout, lady and ricksha coolie happily tooling along towards the horizon.

NIGHT LIFE

Night life in Shanghai owes much of its spontaneity and natural atmosphere to the fact that it is as much the year-in-and-out residents as the visitors who do the reveling at the town's night spots. People who never go for anything worse than a sundae at Schmidt's Sugar Bowl of a Saturday evening at home in Keokuk, Iowa, regard themselves as stay-at-homes in Shanghai if they don't step out a couple of times a week.

The Chinese are also inveterate whoopee-makers. They love to get out and around and be seen at the smart places. However, excepting at the Chinese cabarets, they are received with not exactly the utmost cordiality, in view of the fact that they practically never go in for hard liquor in a big way, sometimes spending an entire evening nursing a glass of tea. This sort of business, of course, gives the cash register no exercise. The Chinese pay their chits when presented, however, which is something.

If the general atmosphere of Shanghai seems to have a somewhat carmine hue, think nothing of it. So continuously and continually is the job of "painting the town red" done, that it's bound to show somehow.

Amongst the leading spots are the Tower, atop the very gilt-edge Cathay Hotel; the Sky Terrace, atop the Park Hotel; and the Paramount Ballroom, which is purely a smart place to dine and dance but doesn't remain open late.

The typical Chinese cabaret, large and spacious, is usually decorated to the most remote corner with perhaps half a dozen incongruous and clashing types or styles of Western ornamentation fighting for honors.

The guests, mostly male, very blase, are apparently quite unaware of the dancing girls, or "woo niuhs", who sit but an arms-length away. The "woo niuhs", slim, nonchalant, and self-possessed to the nth degree, act for all the world as if they were really just waiting for a street car and no

(Continued on Page 4, Column 2)

THE SHANGHAI ILLUSION

Many otherwise intelligent people, misled by gaudy fiction on the East and by whacky movies produced by directors whose idea of China were garnered in Mid-western chop suey joints, conceive it to be an eerie place peopled with sinister Orientals, embittered men slowly going to hell, gin sling in hand, and painted adventuresses casting spells, whilst murmuring cynical epigrams. Well, women paint and cast spells in Shanghai (just as they do in Snyder's Falls, Vermont) and men drink and go to hell (and return) and it's rumored about that there are a few Chinese in the town.

Shanghai is a grand town. Not an atmospheric background for Oriental melodrama, but a grand place to live, to work, and to enjoy life.

Many profess to hate the town, and to be waiting eagerly for a chance to depart. Chances come and go and yet they seem to linger on, making excuses for their dalliance.

And when they do go, to those who have spent some time here and come to know the place, there comes a feeling of regret as they sail down the river looking back at the Bund for the last time, a feeling that wherever they are going they will always want to come back.

The old town must have something!

BEHOLD THE COCKROACH! !

The war in Europe
Can never approach
The battle now raging
On the little Cockroach.

With his little brown body,
Just as smooth as real silk
Yet how we would cuss him
When he got in our milk.

On the long mid-watches,
Sometimes he was fun;
But now thats all over,
And we seek him with guns.

To kill is a sin,
Doesn't cause much elation;
Yet the order came out
For his extermination.

So we search everywhere
For this little brown pest,
We must go on
With never no rest

He meant no harm
In his own little way,
And when he was hungry
In the sugar he'd play.

So, be smart little pal,
Heed this warning in time
If you just show your face
You'll join Father Time.

—“C.M.”



amount of dance tickets could tempt them onto the floor.

The proper and recognized procedure seems to call for extremely snooty behavior on the part of the dancing girl until some stage of intimacy is reached. This means after about the tenth dance and is intended to give the general idea that she has plenty of business and didn't really need you at all.

The morals of the class are about the same as respectable women everywhere, that is, adamantly negative most of the time, charmingly complaisant upon occasion. One outstanding feature of dancing girl character, however, is the complete dignity and composure displayed at all times even among the charmers in the worst Hangkew dives, and the absence of all vulgarity or coarseness from their conduct. No matter which of the many rather gaudy sins available in Shanghai a "woo niuh" chooses to commit, you can be sure she will do it gracefully, with dignity, her head in the air.

ORIGIN OF NEUTRAL ZONE

In view of the current controversy over the neutral zone, it is of interest to note that the reason for three miles being the distance over which a nation has jurisdiction regarding coastal waters, is because at the time this international law was established, three miles was the longest range of nations' guns, and therefore the limit to which they could enforce laws.

Norfolk Seabag.

The three Chinese sisters who aren't married:

Tu-Yung-Tu;
Tu-Dumb-Tu;
No-Yen-Tu.

A short sighted person never sees the handwriting on the wall until he is up against it.

ASIATIC STATION SPORTS

The flagship of the Asiatic Fleet spends many months of the year in the ports of Cavite in the Phillipine Islands, and Tsingtao, China. During sojourns at these harbors, the facilities available for athletics are so varied that no matter what one's favorite sport, he will find plenty of company and competition.

The big three — baseball, basketball and football — always follow any group of ships, and native teams put forth their best against the Navy, especially in baseball.

All-year-round types of sport flourish, and are enjoyed by everyone, including the fair sex. Tennis, badminton, volleyball, sailing, bowling, swimming, bicycling, golf, fishing, and soft ball — all have their leagues with legions of followers. On March 22nd of this year, the Asiatic Fleet Duck-Pin Championship standing showed the U. S. S. Canopus to be leading, with the U. S. S. Tulsa treading on her heels. Scuttlebutt has it that there is a team of enlisted golfers who claim to be able to beat all comers.

No promises are made about the fishing. One group writes: "We asked for the latest dope on fishing in the Phillipine Islands, but no one has given us any information on how and where to catch the finny monsters of the deep. The best to date is two minnows, a bullhead, and an eel". Another report relates "From 5 p.m. to 7 bells of the mid-watch our catch was as follows — one crab, one barracuda, two squid, and eleven swordfish."

Other stories about the feather fishing, and tree-climbing fish, must be looked into personally to be appreciated.

The boxing championships of the Asiatic Fleet are as hotly contested as those of the U. S. Fleet. Even their baseball champions emerge as "Navy All-Fleet Baseball Team".

No matter how expert an athlete one may be, he will find ample facilities available in his particular sport. It might be said that the Asiatic Station has the most complete athletic offering of any in the Navy.

An officer recently played golf with the Chaplain. He didn't say much, but wherever he spat, the grass died.